THE DRIP OF TIME

One drip, one lie, one push, one shove
One nasty name, another
Another day, another year
When did it happen?

When did I stop being me?
And become what you thought you wanted
When did I stop believing in me and
Start believing you?

When did the beautiful young bride turn into the old shit face?
When did the competent self-assured women become so dumb?
So stupid, such a blundering idiot
When did that fine line get crossed?

It happened – one bruise at a time,
Over and over and over
One push, one shove
One nasty name, then another and another

One promise, then one threat, and another and another
The days ran into weeks, the weeks into years
Now I am old, older,
And I am numb

I am too numb to feel
Too numb to care
Too numb to want to live
But too tired to die

Other days the feelings are raw
The tears flow for no reason
There is no comfort, no place for refuge
No one to believe me

So I stay, day after day,
Week after week,
Year after year, after year
And you wonder why!

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